The President Is President.

In the Land of Boss Rule, Where Governors and Mayors Are Figureheads, Theodore Roosevelt Is Found to Be What He Was Elected to Be, the Executive Head of the Government.

By LINCOLN STEFFENS.

The Boss in New York.

which, I have reason to think, Mayor Dempsey will answer in due course. Out in San Francisco, where Organized Labor has usurped the power of Corporation Capital, they say they have a Labor Mayor, and they have but is he the have the have but is he the have it isn't always obvous which the real control or what, or where, is the head of the Nation? Theodore Roosevelt is in the White House, the stat of the supreme political power of this country? Some pretty keen observers of the Thing As It is point away up to the Capitol on the Hill at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue and they say the Senate is the throne. Is it? We are seeking to know of our own knowledge, remember, so that we may not take the say-so of other men. We must find out for ourselves. How?

My experience of cities and states has tausht me to look for certain superficial signs which I find to be true guides to the truth concealed deep down below. One of these signs is trouble. If a boss rules a basolutely a well-corrupted city, that city is at peace; Philadelphia under Boss Durham, for example. But if the third them there is no peace, but she turned in that town; said Philadelphia under Boss Durham, for example. But if the third the third town; said Philadelphia under Boss Durham, for example. But if the turned in the third town; said Philadelphia under Goss Durham, for example. But if the turned in the true of the control of Governor Odell, Usually, this trouble means something olse besides, but the us stick to the trail and go slow. How does all this bear upon our question of national government?

Some Discontent,

There's trouble in Washington, There

Fairbrother's Fancies.

Being a Denial of An Old Proposition.

Big world? Get in the chorus of even the election of Governor Odell. Usually, this trouble means something else besides, but let us stick to the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does all tile the truit and go slow. How does does not go the truit and truit and truit and truit and the truit and truit and truit and truit and truit and truit and the truit and tru

that the nex Legislature of North Carolina will pre-sent to the world as pretty a political contest as has ever been given out. The Martin-Montague race will not be in it, compared to what is booked for the Leg-islature, which is to be elected this fall. . . .

It is related by the seers that read the stars in the political heavens that Senator Simmons will have to fight, and fight hard, for all that he carries away with him. His successor is to be elected, and they say that no matter what he thinks just now, that ex-Governor Charles B. Aycock, of Goldsboro will be in the fight, and that he has many Charles B. Aycock, of Goldsboro will be in the fight, and that he has many friends who will announce for him. Then they say that the friends of Chief Justhey say that the friends of Chief Justice Walter Clark, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, say that they will have him make the race, and if they do, and it is generally understood that Mr. Clark has a long time had his eye on the Senate, there will be a three-cornered fight—as pretty as was ever put up on a political chess board.

Atlanta Importing Servants.

GARFIELD MET ARTHUR.

General Grosvenor Tells of Ar

Graduate Course in National

Follette are not strangers in Washing-

ton society, though the official life of the former is but a few days old. Fifteen or sixteen years ago, when the present senator was a member of the lower house, the La Follettes resided in a pretty home on Twelfth Street and made hosts of friends in resident as well, as official society. These have wellas official society. These have wel-comed them back, and are planning en-

The new senatorial hostess will be in The new senatorial hostess will be in every way an acquisition to official so-clety. She is attractive, with unusual intellectual gifts. It was during her former residence in Washington that she studied law in the National University of Washington. She graduated with high honors, and is the junior member of the firm of La Follette & La Follette,

of Madison.

Mrs. La Follette, though she has num

All the things are mentioned, mind

Mrs. La Follette, though she has numerous social plans and will fulfill every social obligation, intends to take up a post-graduate course of law and get the doctor's degree.

Miss La Folletee will not give up her theatrical career, at least for the present. She is convinced that every woman should have a life aim, and she has selected the stage. Her present engagement ends early in April, and she will come to Washington for the Easter season.

Swiss Premium on Temperance.
A Swiss life insurance company has agreed to insure members of a railroad men's temperance society for four per cent, less than the premiums charged to non-members, and a Swiss accident insurance company which for some time has made a rebate of ten per cent, to total abstainers, is so well satisfied with the result that it will make the rebate fifteen per cent, after 1906,—stallroad Gazette. Swiss Premium on Temperance.

Sketches Here and There Tales of Town and State

Readers of These Tales and Reminiscenses Are Cordially Invited to Contribute Their Own. Address TALES, Times-Dispatch.

Whims of the Idler.

Bald Men's Hair Cuts.

week for a hair cut, and if I shave him clean from the back of his collar to his forehead you'd never know that I'd touched him. He's got a short, light colored frings that plays around under the rim of his hat, like the soft, flutty frings you see on these shawls the women wear over their stoudders, but you'd think, to hear him, that he could braid it and do it up in colls. Wants me to be particular and trim it close on the neck and around the cars. I humor him, of course, I take a pink of the coll plut on him, and spink of the cold in put on him, and spink of the cold in put on him, and spink of the cold in put on him or fitteen minutes; hair genal you can offeen minutes a great ado when I stip him of the cold will forgive me. Nine out of every ten of the baidheads are that way, but men who've got plenty of hair will keep away from hers until they look like the edges of an old-fashioned hayloft. It's curlous, and, as I said, I never could account for it."

Readiness of the Clubman. "Some men," said John D. Rockfeller, Jr., in an address in New York, "uso the law to do harm with, instead of to do good. They resemble a member of one of our well known clubs."
"This man sat in the club dining room at tuncheon whom a bill collector, having somehow cluded the attendants in the hall, walked up to him and laid on the table his overdue account.

diately, issued in your card to me in any you send in your red in the face but hopeful on the wast, "The collector, red in the face but hopeful on the whole, complied. He retired to the hall and sent in his card with all formality, "The clumman, eating steadily, received the card on a silver salver. He studied it gravely. Then he said to the waiter:

"Not in."

Surely a Deadhead.

Connis Mack manager of the Athetics of Philadelphia, was talking bout the disastrons manage with the desastrons are as with the care of the first of

University.

WASHINGTON,-Senator and Mrs. La

comed them back, and are planning en-tertainments in their honor.

Mrs. La Follette is now on a house-hunting tour, and hopes to be estab-lished in a home of her own before the month is out. They are hospitably in-clined, and Mrs. La Follette is very proud of her housewifery accomplish-ments.

Housewifery vs. Erring Pup-Dogs.

diess, but the thing was too good to last.

At the last minute, the pup, at great personal inconvenience to himself, deliberately left a warm place in front of the fire in order that he might slip outdoors, wallow in the only puddle of mud to be found for hlocks around, and return to enjoy two hours' surreptitious rest on the outraged dame's best slik parlor cushlons.

To this hour the imprint of the animal's bedragged wet hair may still be seen on the slik, but the ashes of the offender, who was sent post-haste to the crematory the next day, have long since been scattered to the four winds of the earth and the subject is now too painful for mention in the home circle. Other pup-doys, introduced into the household by all sorts of strategy and retaining their positions merely by sufferance, have felt impelled to destroy such millinery as came within their reach or to get into the laundry bag and shred the week's wash.

One rash spirit, likewise doomed to vanish into nothingness through the medium of crematory fire, saw fit after two day's sojourn in our house, to eat the dish of spring chicken which had been prepared in anticipation of a visit from our preacher.

Some idea of the animal's vast appetite may be gained when it is explained that the rash brute devoured every blessed morsel of the fowl which we had intended for the sacerdotal guilet of the minister. The particular parson in question was a celebrated exponder of certain doctrines touching on punishment by fire, so the pup doubtless died a most appropriate death.

All the things are mentioned, mind you, not in derogation of dogs but simdog fancier-to-wit, myself-involuntur-ly halted at the idea of chaperoning six pupples, but the children could not bring themselves to any thought of resignation at the idea of a single one of the obnoxious strangers dying a vio-lent death.

or the obnoxious strangers dying a violent death.

And so they set to work one hot summer evening to dispose of the pups and
constituted themselves into a grand canine distributing bureau. Every small
boy in the neighborhood proved himself
receptive, for what healthy urchin on
earth is there who Isn't giad to get a
puppy? But alas, there are other Queen
Bees besides the one in this habitation.
As fast as the infant dogs were given
away and taken to their intended homes,
they were discovered by other commanders-in-chief and forthwith returned post
haste.

they were discovered by other commanders-in-chief and forthwith returned post haste.

The situation began to grow desperate for my offspring, and death by drowning stared every ill-fated pup in the face. But the would-bedonors of living dog meat determined not to weary in well-doing. Realizing, after the return twice and three times of soveral of the pupples, that they could not be gotten rid of as long as the identity of the distributors was known, the brats removed their soft warm little charges to a distant neighborhood, where they began to dispense pupples fast and furiously to all small boys seen for blocks around.

No trouble was encountered in giving the pupples away; the trouble was in saving the gifts permanently accepted after the great home test. But the new system finally prevailed, for as soon as the donors handed over the forlern little animals, they botted homeward in the dusk, leaving the recipient the awful responsibility of caring for the future of the pupples.

In this fashion the whole unhappy liter was disposed of, but the sequel is still a mystery. It is to be feared, however, that all six of the bob dogs who first saw the light beneath our steps, met violent deaths, for the peculations

wifery.

All the things are mentioned, mind you, not in derogation of dogs, but simply to show that the Queen Bee may have some defensible ground for her prejudices, though I still insist that there's naught which makes a man feel so comfortable as the friendly touch of a cold wet nose on his hand or the sound of a welcoming snift.

Perhaps, however, this statement should be qualified by saying that the cold, wet nose in question should belong to a pup-dog and so, too, the smuff in question should emanate from the same quadruped.

Just why the soggy probosels of the tilnerant flea-colony should be utilized by the quadruped under discussion as a letter of introduction, is more than this writer has ever understood. All he knows is that the charming friendly nozale of the animal feels very grateful to your true dog-lover, and he would not suifer his dumb friend to use a poolect handkerchief even if the critter so inclined, and by the way has always been a tradition among the dog-owner of my circle that a pup with a dry nose was feverish—in fact, the and offever.

This belief leads to some interesting surmises as to That might happen if